LAST GASP

SLOW DEATH

NO.7

ADULTS $1.00 ONLY!

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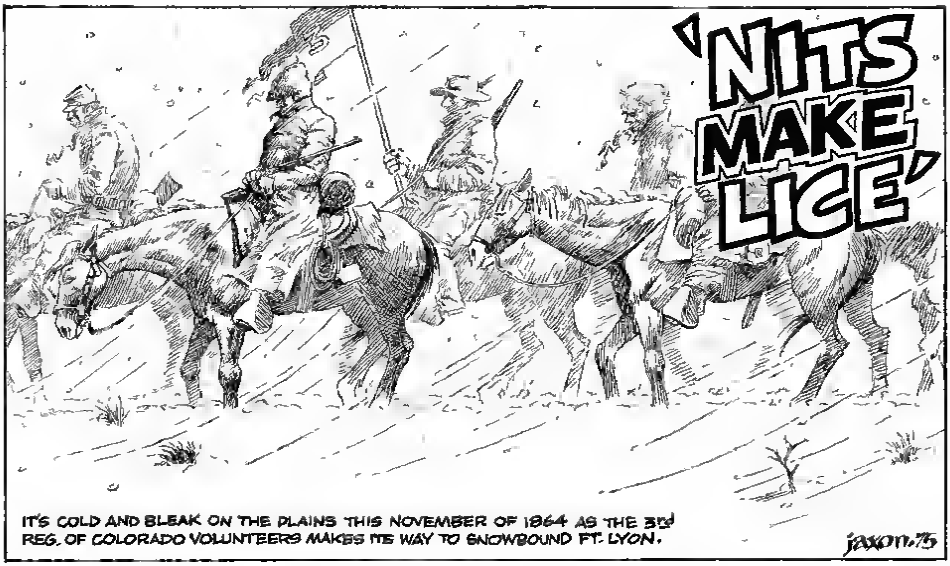
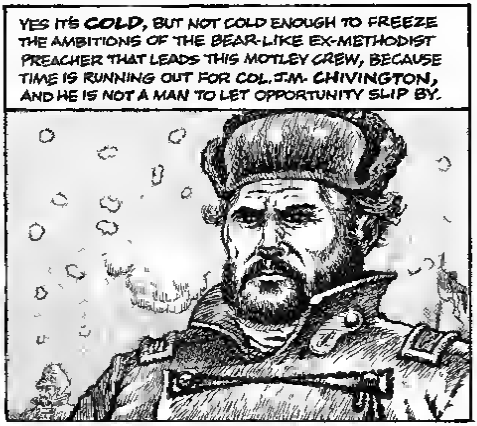
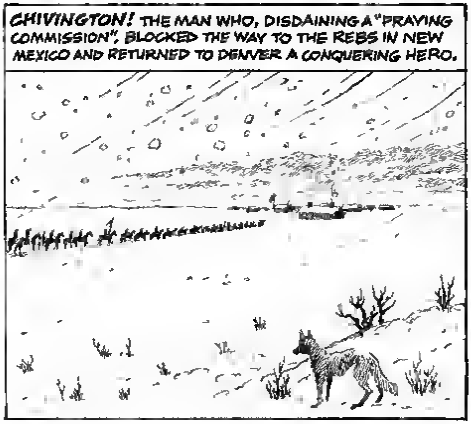
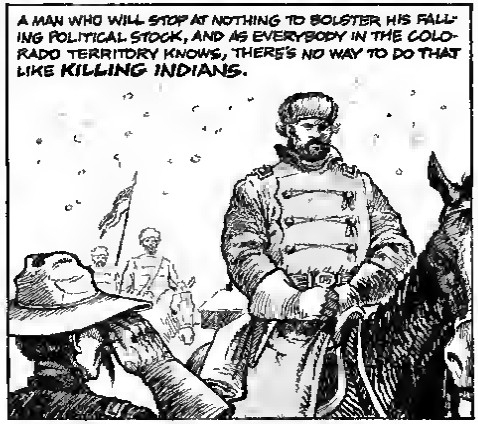
PROLOGUE: EARLY MORNING IN A DENVER SALOON FINDS TWO CITIZENS SERIOUSLY HUNG OVER.
SAY, HOW'D YOU BOYS LIKE TO KILL A FEW INJUNS?
?
?
WHAT'S TH' MATTER? DIDN'T YOU SEE THOSE BODIES WE BROUGHT IN YESTERDAY? INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN, BUTCHERED LIKE THAT? DON'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT?!
I SAW 'EM... HORRIBLE...
MURDERIN' REDSKINS
WAHL, BOYS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE. GOV. EVANS WANTS TO RAISE A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT... PAY'S GOOD. YOU'LL BE CUT LOOSE IN 100 DAYS. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, HUH?
ATTENTION!
INDIAN
FIGHTERS
VOL CAVALRY
...AND.. WE GIT TO DIVY UP TH' LOOT!! EH? HORSES, MULES, PELTS, EH? AND I HEAR SOME OF THEM CHEYENNE WIMMEN JEST LOVES WHITE STUFF. HOW BOUT THAT?
THEY CRAVE IT ALL TH' TIME, I HEAR. SNICKER
EVER HAD ANY OF THET INJUN PUSSY, HUH? HAW HAW
YOU BETCHA! CORPORAL, SHOW THESE GENTS WHERE TO SIGN... BARTENDER, A DRINK FOR COLORADO'S FINEST!!
HYUK


'NITS MAKE LICE'
IT'S COLD AND BLEAK ON THE PLAINS THIS NOVEMBER OF 1864 AS THE 3RD REG. OF COLORADO VOLUNTEERS MAKES ITS WAY TO SNOWBOUND FT. LYON.
JAXON '75

SO COLD THAT SLUG AFTER SLUG OF CHEAP WHISKEY FAILS TO WARM THEIR INNARDS.

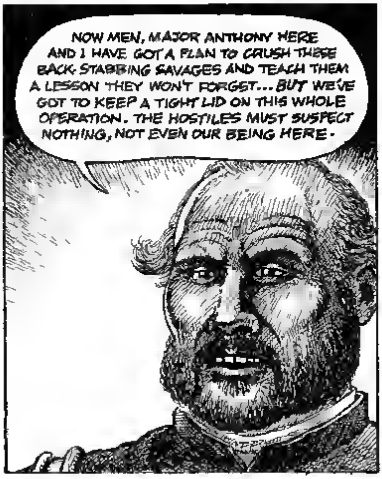

YES IT'S COLD, BUT NOT COLD ENOUGH TO FREEZE THE AMBITIONS OF THE BEAR-LIKE EX-METHODIST PREACHER THAT LEADS THIS MOTLEY CREW, BECAUSE TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR COL. J.M. CHIVINGTON, AND HE IS NOT A MAN TO LET OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY.


CHIVINGTON! THE MAN WHO, DISDAINING A "PRAYING COMMISSION", BLOCKED THE WAY TO THE REBS IN NEW MEXICO AND RETURNED TO DENVER A CONQUERING HERO.


A MAN WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO BOLSTER HIS FALLING POLITICAL STOCK, AND AS EVERYBODY IN THE COLORADO TERRITORY KNOWS, THERE'S NO WAY TO DO THAT LIKE KILLING INDIANS.

I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD MAJOR. ARE THEY STILL CAMPED DOWN ON SAND CREEK?
YESSIR. I SENT SMITH DOWN TO TRADE WITH THEM JUST YESTERDAY. THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING.

GOOD. I WANT A GUARD POSTED AROUND THIS FORT IMMEDIATELY. NO ONE LEAVES, ON PENALTY OF DEATH— NO ONE— IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
?


NOW MEN, MAJOR ANTHONY HERE AND I HAVE GOT A PLAN TO CRUSH THESE BACK-STABBING SAVAGES AND TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY WON'T FORGET... BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP A TIGHT LID ON THIS WHOLE OPERATION. THE HOSTILES MUST SUSPECT NOTHING, NOT EVEN OUR BEING HERE.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON SIR, BUT THE CHEYENNES DOWN ON SAND CREEK AREN'T HOSTILE. IN FACT, MAJ. WYNKOOP HAS GUARANTEED THEIR SAFETY. YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE PLANNING TO ATTACK..
WHO THE HELL IS THIS MAN, MAJOR
CAPT. SOULE, SIR. ONE OF WYNKOOP'S STAFF OFFICERS.

WELL, CAPT. SOULE, SOME OF US FEEL THAT WYNKOOP DAMN' NEAR LET THE INDIANS RUN THIS FORT AND THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN RELIEVED. NOW I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD A BELLYFUL OF THE U.S. ARMY PROTECTIN' THESE MURDERERS!

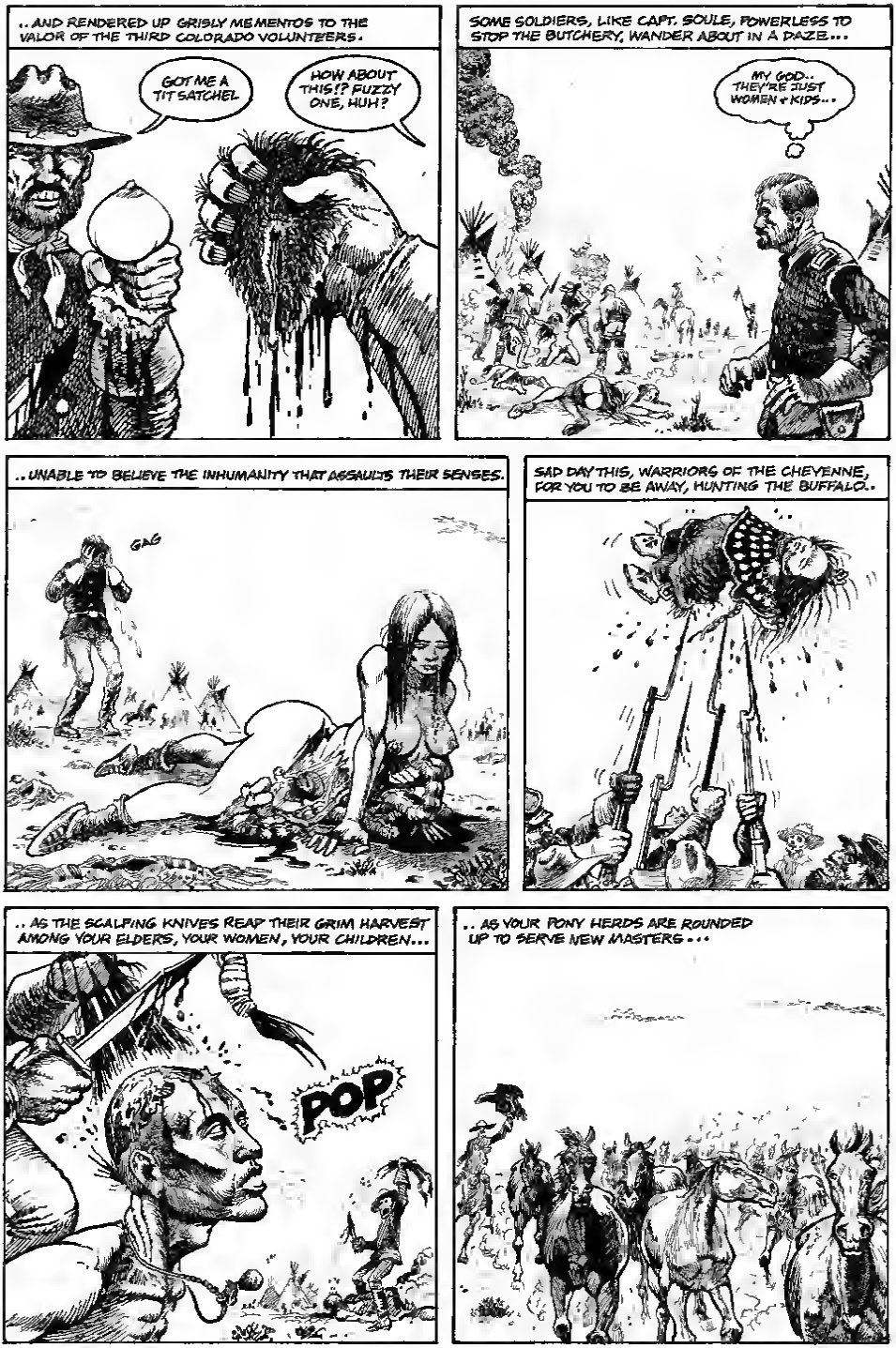
BUT SIR, BLACK KETTLE'S PEOPLE ARE AT PEACE. THEY'RE HERE IN VOLUNTARY COMPLIANCE WITH—
PEACE!?!
WHOEVER HEARD OF PEACEFUL INDIANS, HUH? THEY'RE PEACEFUL WHEN IT SUITS THEM AND THEN THEY SNEAK OUT TO MURDER, BURN AND PILLAGE THE UNPROTECTED CITIZENS OF THIS TERRITORY!!

I SAY DAMN ANY MAN WHO SYMPATHIZES WITH INDIANS!! I'VE COME HERE TO KILL INDIANS, AND BY GOD, THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO! AND YOU'LL DO THE SAME, OR FACE A COURT MARTIAL! YOU ARE DISMISSED, CAPT. SOULE!
MY GOD.. HE'S NUTS..
.. AND CAPTAIN... PERSONALLY, I WISH YOU WOULD BUCK ME, BECAUSE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THERE'S NO ROOM IN THE U.S SERVICE FOR YOUR KIND, ANYWAY!
MAJOR, THAT MAN HAS A DEMORALIZED ATTITUDE. I SUGGEST WE KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HIM..
I ASSURE YOU SIR, MOST OF THE MEN DON'T FEEL THAT WAY— THEY'RE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!
GOOD! GOOD! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR! I'VE GOT 600 MEN WITH ME AND THEIR ENLISTMENTS ARE UP REAL SOON. TILL NOW, WE'RE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE TERRITORY— THE "BLOODLESS 3rd" THEY CALL US. WELL, NOT ANY MORE! WE'RE GONNA START WADING IN GORE, RIGHT MAJOR?
WE'VE GOT 'EM IN OUR FIST, COL. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SQUEEZE
A TOTAL VICTORY, THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! HEADLINE MATERIAL! AHEM.. AS YOU MAY KNOW MAJOR, GOV. EVANS HAS TAPPED ME TO REPRESENT THE TERRITORY IN THE CAPACITY OF CONGRESSMAN. NOW WE'VE ALREADY GOT THE MINERS AND STOCKMEN BEHIND US. STATEHOOD CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.. A WAGONLOAD OF SCALPS WOULD JUST ABOUT CINCH IT AT ELECTION TIME.
THAT'S WONDERFUL, SIR— JUST WONDERFUL! COLORADO NEEDS YOUR TYPE OF LEADERSHIP.
ANTHONY, YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. I HAVE GREAT CONFIDENCE IN YOU— THAT'S WHY I GAVE YOU THIS POST..
WHY THANK YOU, SIR. REST ASSURED I'LL DO MY BEST TO JUSTIFY YOUR EXPECTATIONS...
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, CHIVINGTON ORDERS THE TROOPS TO MOVE OUT.

AS THE GREY WINTER DAWN BREAKS OVER SAND CREEK, THE CHEYENNES REST SNUGLY IN THEIR ROBES, CONFIDENT OF THEIR ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
HOOVES DRUMMING ON THE SAND FLATS WAS THE ONLY WARNING OF SOMETHING AMISS...
MY HUSBAND.. AWAKE, A NOISE, LIKE MANY BUF-
SOLDIERS!
Z
AS THE ALARM GOES OUT, BRAVES STUMBLE, HALF-DRESSED, FROM THEIR WARM BEDS..
?
BLUECOATS! MANY SOLDIERS, COMING INTO CAMP!
THE TRADER, GREY BLANKET SMITH, AND HIS MILITARY ESCORT FROM FT LYON ARE AS ASTOUNDED AS THE INDIANS AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS THEIR SLEEP-BEFUDDLED EYES.
SOLDIERS? HERE?? WHAT COULD THEY WANT? I'LL GO TALK TO THEM..
OH IT'S YOU, MAJ ANTHONY.. WHAT BRINGS YOU FELLOWS OUT SO EARLY?
IT'S SMITH.. SHOOT THE DAMN' OLD SON OF A BITCH! HE'S NO BETTER THAN AN INDIAN!
REALIZING THE TROOPERS' DEADLY INTENT, SMITH AND PVT. LOUDERBACK TURN AND BOLT FOR THEIR TENT.
BAM
BLAM
HAW! LOOK AT HIM RUN! ALRIGHT MEN, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

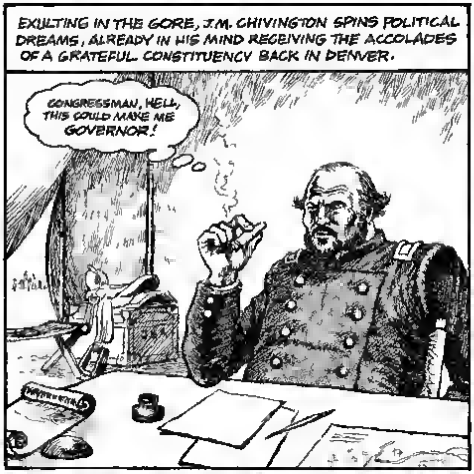
THE SOLDIERS CHARGE AND THE CHEYENNES SCATTER, LIKE A COVEY OF FRIGHTENED QUAIL.
BLACK KETTLE, ALARMED BUT STILL TRUSTING, TRIES TO CALM HIS PEOPLE AND GATHER THEM TOGETHER...
CHEYENNES!! DO NOT BE AFRAID! THE SOLDIERS WILL NOT HURT YOU!
..UNDER HIS HUGE AMERICAN FLAG, A GIFT FROM GREAT FATHER LINCOLN.
WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN THIS FLAG FOR PROTECTION.. MY PEOPLE, COME! STAND WITH ME.
AS BULLETS GOUGE INTO THE HUDDLED MASS AROUND BLACK KETTLE'S LODGE, WHITE ANTELOPE SINGS HIS DEATH SONG..
NOTHING LIVES LONG, ONLY THE EARTH—
WAIT! WAIT! THIS IS A MISTAKE!!
..UNTIL A SHOT ENDS HIS LIFE.
AND THE MOUNTAINS..
SPLATT
..HEH HEH EASY AS TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY..
THEN THE CARNAGE BEGINS...

..AND LASTS...
..WITHOUT SYMPATHY FOR THE MAIMED...
..OR THE MUTILATED.
WITHOUT MERCY FOR THE DEAD...
BOYS, I'M AGONNA' MAKE ME A TOBACCO POUCH OUTTA OLD WHITE ANTELOPE'S GO NADS!
..MUCH LESS THE LIVING.
NEXT
NOW DON'T BE A HAWG, ELWOOD. SAVE US SOME.
UNTIL THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR CRUEL PURPOSE...

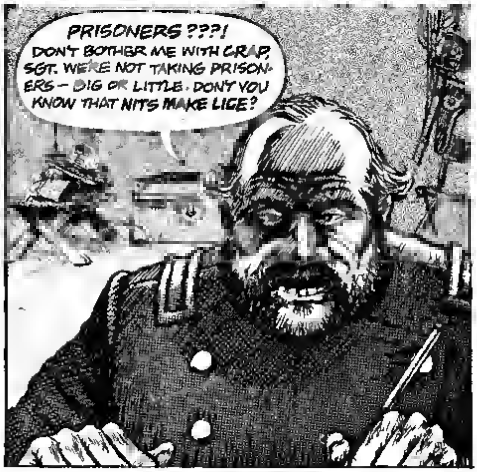

..AND RENDERED UP GRISLY MEMENTOS TO THE VALOR OF THE THIRD COLORADO VOLUNTEERS.
GOT ME A TIT SATCHEL
HOW ABOUT THIS!? FUZZY ONE, HUH?
SOME SOLDIERS, LIKE CAPT. SOULE, POWERLESS TO STOP THE BUTCHERY, WANDER ABOUT IN A DAZE...
MY GOD.. THEY'RE JUST WOMEN + KIDS...
..UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE INHUMANITY THAT ASSAULTS THEIR SENSES.
GAG
SAD DAY THIS, WARRIORS OF THE CHEYENNE, FOR YOU TO BE AWAY, HUNTING THE BUFFALO..
..AS THE SCALPING KNIVES REAP THEIR GRIM HARVEST AMONG YOUR ELDERS, YOUR WOMEN, YOUR CHILDREN...
POP
..AS YOUR PONY HERDS ARE ROUNDED UP TO SERVE NEW MASTERS...

.. AS YOUR ROBES, PELTS AND OTHER THINGS OF VALUE TO THE WHITEMAN ARE PILED HIGH BY GREEDY HANDS..

.. AND THE REST CONSIGNED TO FLAMES.


EXULTING IN THE GORE, J.M. CHIVINGTON SPINS POLITICAL DREAMS, ALREADY IN HIS MIND RECEIVING THE ACCOLADES OF A GRATEFUL CONSTITUENCY BACK IN DENVER.
CONGRESSMAN, HELL, THIS COULD MAKE ME GOVERNOR!

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT COMPANY C JUST BROUGHT IN A BATCH OF PRISONERS—


PRISONERS ???!
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH CRAP, SGT. WE'RE NOT TAKING PRISONERS — DIG OR LITTLE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT NITS MAKE LICE?

VAGUELY ANNOYED AT THE STUPIDITY OF SERGEANTS, CHIVINGTON RETURNS TO HIS REPORT, TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE SCREAMING, ABRUPTLY SILENCED BY A VOLLEY OF SHOTS.
ivington,
END

VIKING
MARAUDERS PLUNDERING
& MURDERING IN IRELAND.
c. 840 AD
G.IRONS
©'95

A
MUSSLEMAN
PIRATE-CHIEF
of ye Barbary Coast
who Extorted Great Wealth
from Wayfaild travellers upon
the local foundring
maun.
-1725-
FUCKY-FUCKY?
©Irons 78

CAPT. Edward Teach, alias
BLACKBEARD
·1718·
Cheers!
©Irons·74
A NOTORIOUS & SANGUINARY ROGUE WHO
PERPETRATED INDOLENCES UPON HUMANITY AT LARGE..

ANNE BONNY & MARY READ
1720
Two Famous Pirates of the Fair Sex
IF 'E'D FOUGHT LYKE MAN, 'E NEEDN'T HA DIED LYKE DOG!
aye!
©Glovis 1975

ART BY JOHN EDGAR
THANKS TO
BEN DICAPRIO
FOR THE STORY
HERE'S A TRUE TALE FROM THE CLOSING ACT OF WORLD WAR ONE..
ARMISTICE:1918
... I WAS ON ARTILLERY WITH THE U.S FIRST ARMY DURING THE MEUSE/ARGONNE OFFENSIVE.
BUT AS THE HOUR OF 11 CAME AND PASSED..
C'MON ALF./ ONE MORE ROUND/ WHAT THE HELL!
TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME YA FIRED THE LAST SHOT./
WELL, WE ALL KNOW THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN SPIRIT OF COMPETITION./ EACH GUN TEAM WANTED FOR ITSELF THE "HONOR" OF FIRING THE LAST SHOT OF THE WAR./ AND SO THE SHELLING WENT ON FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY.... AND INTO THE NIGHT!!
WE HAD BEEN SHELLING DEEP INTO THE GERMAN LINES, PUSHING THEM SLOWLY BACK UP THE MEUSE RIVER....
TO US YANKS, THIS WAS THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING SINCE ENTERING THE WAR./
...OFFICERS WERE FORCED TO PULL THE CREWS OFF THEIR CANNON AT GUNPOINT!!
YOU THERE! OPEN THAT BREECH AND STAND ASIDE./
BUT SOMEBODY WOULD ALWAYS SNEAK BACK DRUNK AT NIGHT TO FIRE ONE MORE ROUND
THEN, AROUND DAWN ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 11th, WORD CAME DOWN THE LINE..
IT'S OVER! THE WAR'S OVER! GERMANY HAS SIGNED AN ARMISTICE AND ALL HOSTILITIES ARE TO CEASE AT ELEVEN THIS MORNING!!
LORD JESUS! THAT'S LESS THAN 5 HOURS AWAY!!
THE NEWS WAS SO UNEXPECTED, SO ABRUPT, THAT MEN STARED DUMBLY, SOME WEEPING, SOME PRAYING...
...THEN, A RAUCOUS CHEER WENT UP...
BECAUSE OF OUR EXCESSIVE ZEAL, THE WAR DIDN'T END AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR OF THE ELEVENTH DAY OF THE ELEVENTH MONTH ON THE FRONT BETWEEN THE ARGONNE FOREST AND THE MEUSE RIVER....
...AND IT REQUIRED SEVERAL ORDERS FROM INCREASINGLY HIGHER ESCHELONS BEFORE THE SHELLING CEASED.... DAYS AFTER THE ENEMY LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS.!!
AWW, QUIT BITCHING, ADOLF./
EDGAR '76

ART BY JOHN EDGAR
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AWW, QUIT BITCHING, ADOLF!
EDGAR '76

HI KIDDIES, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER HISTORY LESSON. SIX YEARS AFTER WWI, A HARD-FOUGHT "BONUS BILL" WAS PASSED TO COMPENSATE THE VETERAN FOR HIS TIME LOST WHILE FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES OF EUROPE. THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS THAT THE EX-DOUGHBOYS COULD NOT COLLECT ANY CASH UNTIL 1945

SPRING 1932, THE HEART OF THE DEPRESSION. WRIGHT PATMAN PLEADS WITH HIS FELLOW CONGRESSMEN TO VOTE FOR IMMEDIATE CASH PAYMENT FOR THE COUNTRY'S HARD-PRESSED VETS.

AT THE SAME TIME, VETERANS IN PORTLAND, OREGON, DECIDE TO MARCH TO WASHINGTON, D.C., IN AN ATTEMPT TO PRESSURE CONGRESSMEN TO VOTE FOR A CASH PAYMENT FOR THEM. DUE TO NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY, A MOVEMENT STARTS, ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, BONUS SEEKERS HEAD FOR THE CAPITOL.

BONUS ARMY MARCHES TO WASHINGTON

THE VETERANS, OR "BONUS EXPIDITIONARY FORCE", AS THEY SOON CAME TO BE CALLED, TRAVELED TO WASHINGTON BY CAR, OR WALKED OR HITCH-HIKED, BUT MOST WENT BY THE RAILROAD.

SOON, ABOUT 20,000 BEF MARCHERS CAMPED IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON

AS THE MARCHERS STARTED TO ARRIVE, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT REFUSED TO "RECOGNIZE" THE INVASION. THE ONLY ONE WILLING TO TAKE ANY RESPONSIBILITY WAS THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE, BRIGADER GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD

GLASSFORD SET UP A CENTRAL CAFETERIA AND ESTABLISHED A FUND RAISING CAMPAIGN FOR THE NEEDY VETS. HE FIRST HOUSED THE BEF IN PARTIALLY-DEMOLISHED FEDERAL BUILDINGS AROUND THE CITY. WHEN THESE SITES PROVED INADEQUATE, HE SETTLED THE OVERFLOW INTO THE VACANT "ANACOSTIA FLATS" OUTSIDE THE CITY.

ANACOSTIA FLATS- THIS MOTLEY COMMUNITY KNOWN AS CAMP MARKS BECAME A TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE:

BONUS ARMY

FOR ALMOST TWO MONTHS THE BEF AND THEIR FAMILIES LIVED IN THE SQUALOR OF CAMP MARKS. UP TO THIS POINT THERE HAD BEEN ONLY PEACEFUL PROTESTING.

RESEARCH AND STORY BY DICAPRIO AND WRAY - ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM YORK WRAY ©1976 LETTERING ORZ

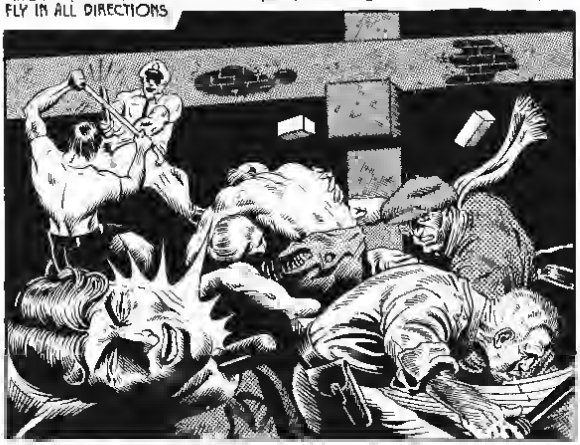
JULY 28, 1932- UNDER ORDERS FROM THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION, CHIEF GLASSFORD BEGAN TO EVACUATE THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE BUILDINGS HELD BY THE BEF. THE POLICE ENCOUNTERED LITTLE RESISTANCE UNTIL ABOUT NOON.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, SEVERAL TRUCKLOADS OF ANGRY VETS FROM CAMP MARKS ARRIVED

A GROUP OF MEN WALKED UP TO THE POLICE LINE AND WERE MET BY GLASSFORD AND ONE OF THE OFFICERS. A MAN IN THE FOREFRONT THEN TORE OFF THE OFFICER'S BADGE...

...AND STRUCK HIM!

ANOTHER MAN ATTACKED AN OFFICER. THEN BRICKS AND STONES BEGAN TO FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



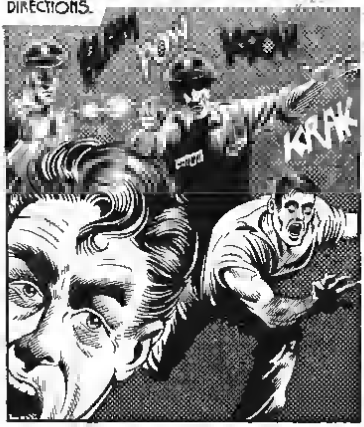
GLASSFORD HIMSELF STOPPED THE FIGHTING BY PHYSICALLY SEPARATING SOME OF THE COMBATANTS.

AT ABOUT 1:45 PM, A MOB OF BONUS MEN BEGAN TO FORCE THEIR WAY BACK INTO ONE OF THE JUST-EVACUATED BUILDINGS.

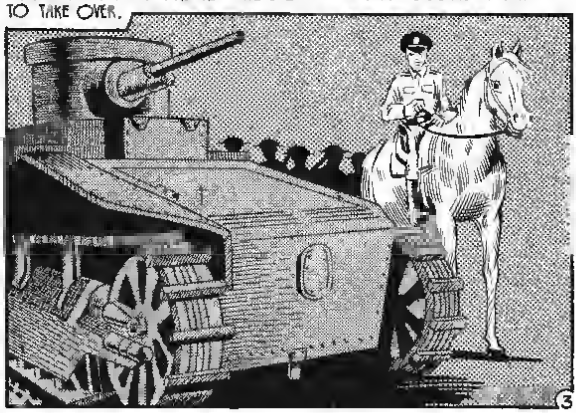
MORE FIGHTING BROKE OUT. A POLICE MAN WHO WAS BEING CHOKED AND CLUBBED STARTED TO SHAKE HIMSELF FREE.

AND, AS YET ANOTHER VET CAME TOWARD HIM...

WITH THE FIRST SHOT, THE OTHER OFFICERS STARTED TO FIRE. THE BEF MEN SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



UNBEKNOWNST TO CHIEF GLASSFORD, THE ARMY HAD BEEN PREPARING FOR SEVERAL DAYS TO EVICT THE BEF FROM WASHINGTON. AT ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK, PRESIDENT HOOVER ORDERED TROOPS LED BY GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR TO TAKE OVER.



MacARTHUR LED THE CHARGE, SABERS DRAWN.

BEFORE BAYONET AND TEAR GAS, ACTIVE RESISTANCE FADED.

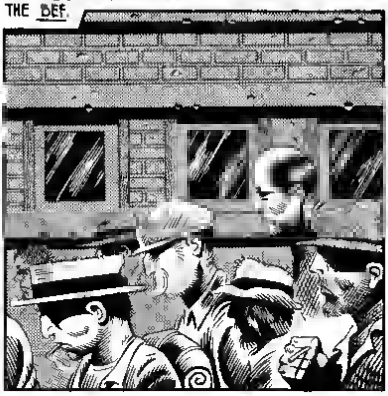
AFTER A DINNER BREAK, MacARTHUR GAVE THE BEF ONE HOUR TO EVACUATE CAMP MARKS.

WITH REFUGEES STILL LEAVING, THE SOLDIERS SET FIRE TO THE CAMP.

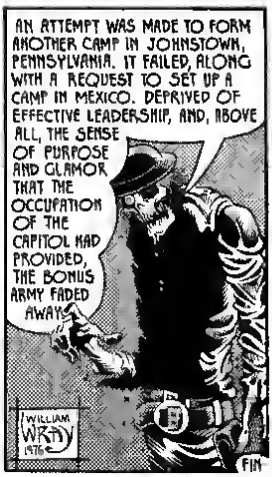
WHEN ASKED, "WHO FIRED THE CAMP?" THE GENERAL REPLIED, CURTLY, "THEY MUST HAVE FIRED IT THEMSELVES."

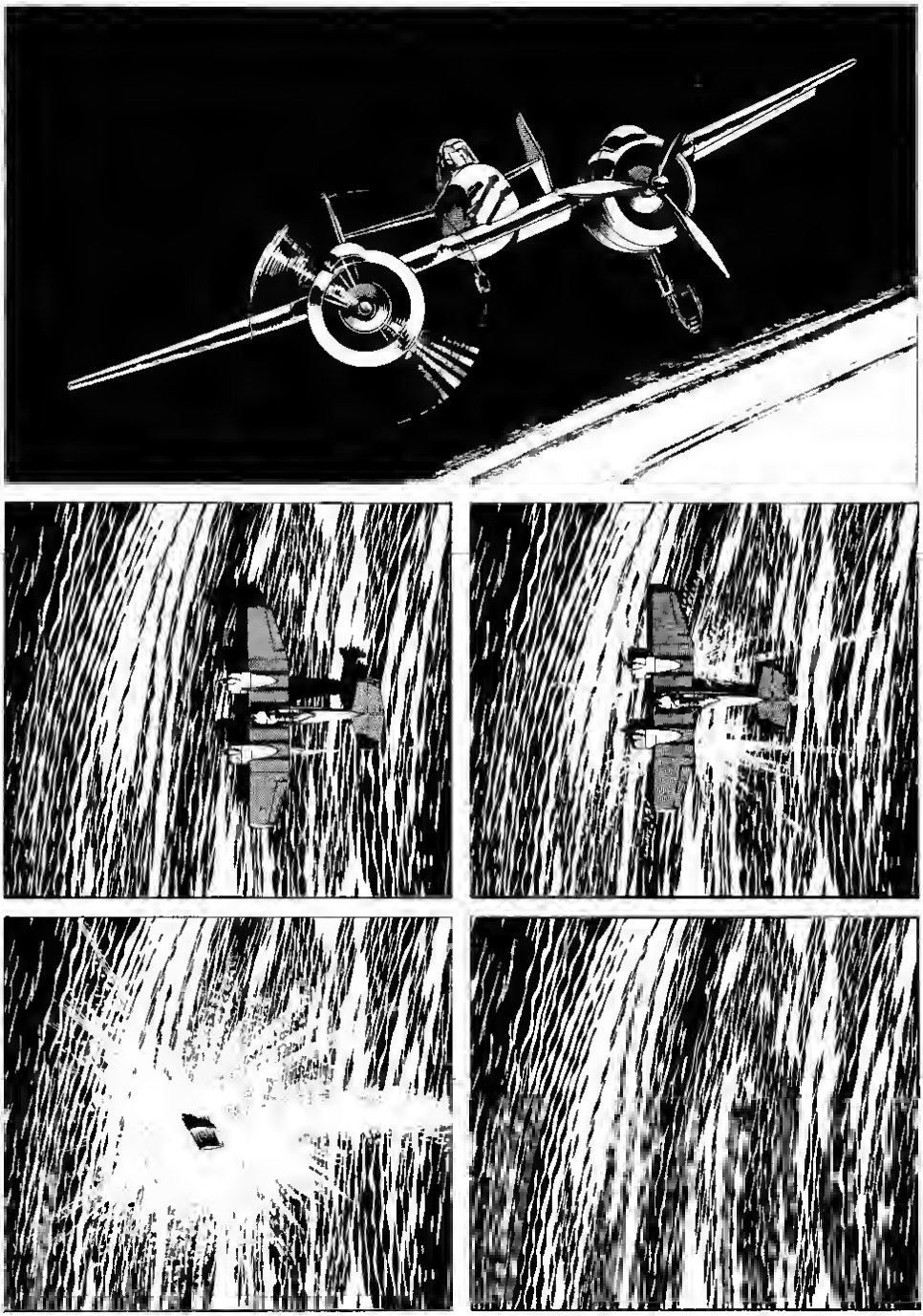
WITH TEARS RUNNING DOWN HIS FACE FROM THE GAS, THE GENERAL TOLD REPORTERS:

THE DAY AFTER THE "BATTLE OF WASHINGTON, TWO HUNDRED ALLEGED "RADICALS" WERE MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS AND EXPELLED FROM THE DISTRICT. MANY OF THOSE ARRESTED HAD NO CONNECTION WITH THE BEF.



AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO FORM ANOTHER CAMP IN JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. IT FAILED, ALONG WITH A REQUEST TO SET UP A CAMP IN MEXICO. DEPRIVED OF EFFECTIVE LEADERSHIP, AND, ABOVE ALL, THE SENSE OF PURPOSE AND GLAMOR THAT THE OCCUPATION OF THE CAPITOL HAD PROVIDED, THE BONUS ARMY FADED AWAY.





TO REED CRANDALL, WHOSE ARTISTRY BROUGHT BLACKHAWK TO LIFE . AND TO BLACKHAWK, WHO DESERVED A MERCIFUL END LONG AGO

A GIRL AWAKENING TO NEW WAYS HAS MUCH TO LEARN. A GUT-LEVEL EXPERIENCE CAN GRAB AT ONE DEEP IN THE BELLY.

Velma gets it Ndebele

NAME THAT PAD

EENY MEENY MINEY MOE. CATCH A NIGGER BY THE TOE. IF HE HOLLERS, LET HIM GO, UH, no.1!

CLAP CLAP

BELCH!

HERE WE ARE IN THE last tense. Give min it's of Pick A PICKANINNY Velma here has already identified a jungle bunny, a niggerbaby n' a chocolit soljur! Go, Velma, pick a pickaninny and win this contest.!

CONGRATULATIONS! Miss Void! You win a safari costume, a knapsack an' a ticket for one to sunny RHODESIA land of the

YOU ARE N ENTERING THE CONTINENT

FLY SCHEISS

THE GRE WHITE WA

BUT AH WANTED TO GO TO DISNEYLAND!

RHODESIA

OH, HERE'S SOTCHAMA BUNGHOLE LAND!

MAY I HAVE A BARF BAG?

THE OLD NIGGER MARTHELD BARBER

SMOKE SCHEISS CIGARS REAL KENYA TOBACCO

HOT GOSS

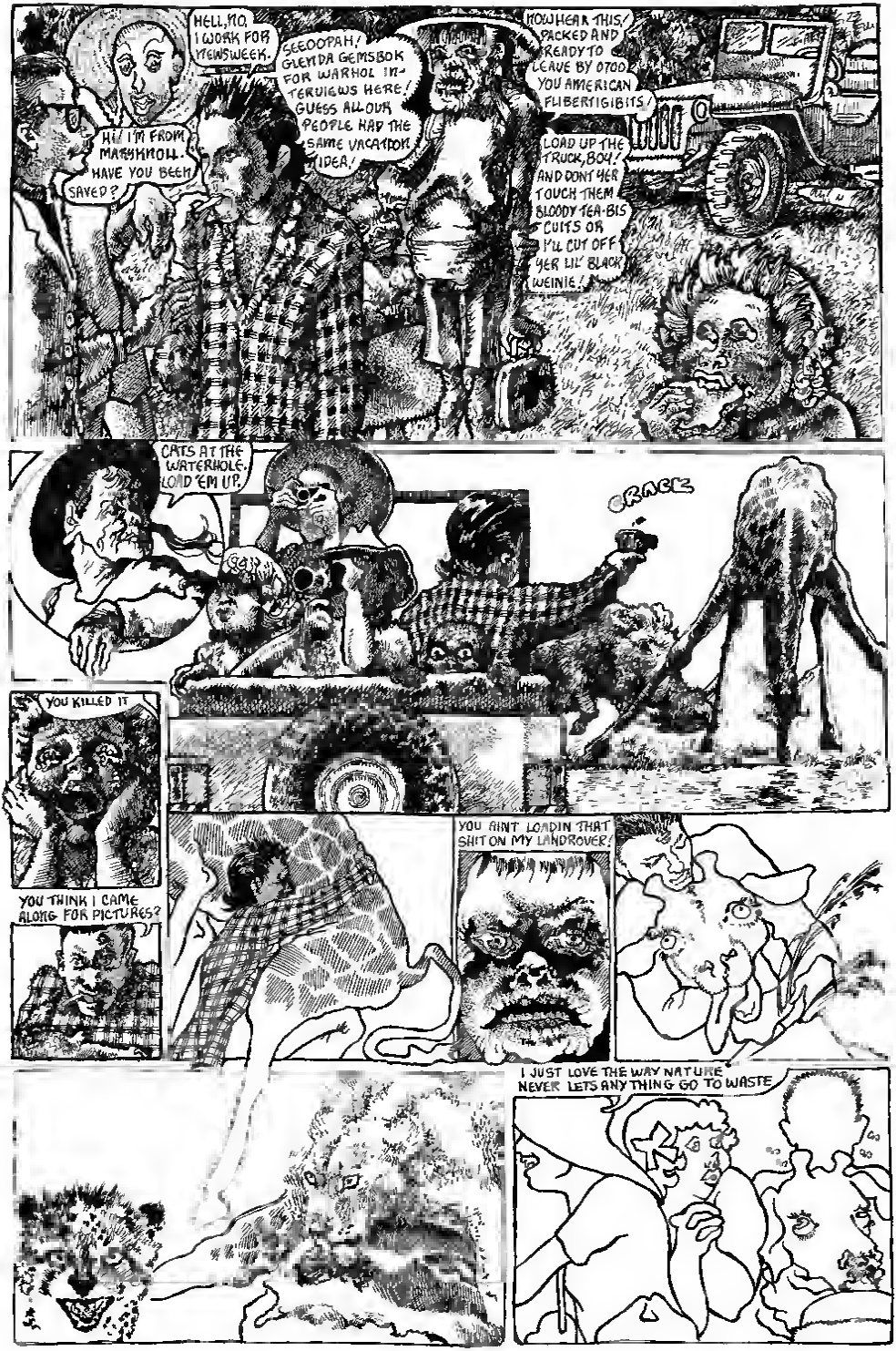
HOT LTV

AFRICA'S FINEST

OOH, I DONT FEEL GOOD. TOMORROW MORNIN' WE LEAVE ON SAFARI I SHOULD WRITE MAMA SO'S SHE CAN SEND ME A MISSION PAK TO KEEP MY

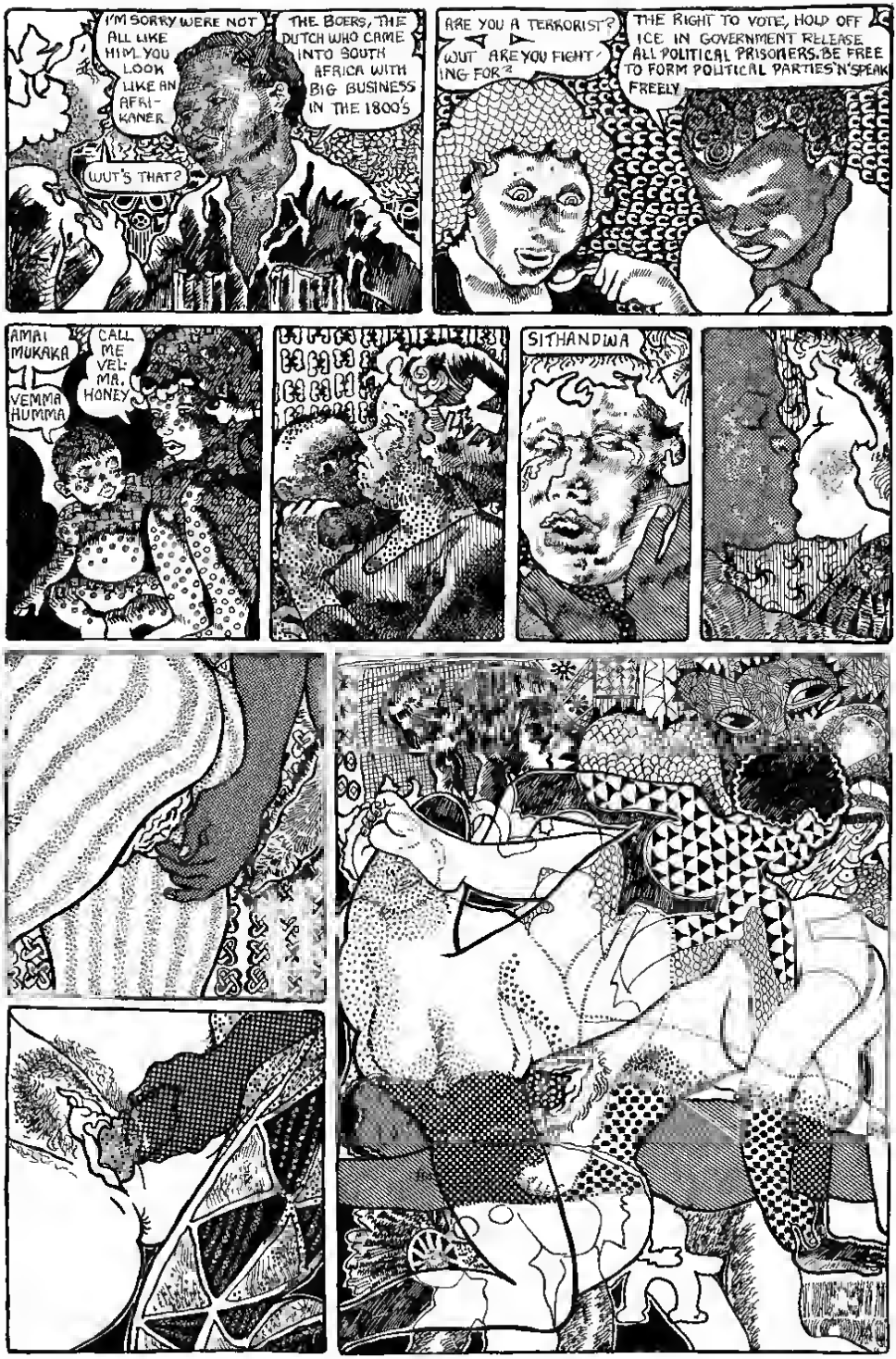
BOWELS MOVIN. ALL THIS CORNMEALS MAKIN' ME SHIT ROCKS.

INPUMELELO MPOFU ©CLOTHILDE 1974


HI! I'M FROM MARYMOUL. HAVE YOU BEEN SAVED?
HELL, NO. I WORK FOR YEWSWEEK.
SEEOOPAH! GLENDA GEMSBOK FOR WARHOL INTERVIEWS HERE! GUESS ALL OUR PEOPLE HAD THE SAME VACATION IDEA!
NOW HEAR THIS! PACKED AND READY TO LEAVE BY 0700 YOU AMERICAN FLIBBERTIGIBITS!
LOAD UP THE TRUCK, BOY! AND DON'T HER TOUCH THEM BLOODY TEA-BIS CUITS OR I'LL CUT OFF YER LIL' BLACK WEINIE!
CATS AT THE WATERHOLE. LOAD 'EM UP.
CRACK
YOU KILLED IT
YOU THINK I CAME ALONG FOR PICTURES?
YOU AIN'T LOADIN THAT SHIT ON MY LANDROVER!
I JUST LOVE THE WAY NATURE NEVER LETS ANYTHING GO TO WASTE

THE SUN IS MERCILESS. WHITE WEEDY LAND STRETCHES FOREVER AHEAD THE GIRAFFE'S ODOR IS ATTRACTING PREDATORY CATS.
ITS WHISPERED THAT THE DRIVER IS LOST TIME AND TIME AGAIN SHE HAS DRIVEN AIMLESSLY OVER THE SAME LANDMARKS.
PLEASE! LETS STOP TO EAT AND REST. THE BOY HAS PASSED OUT.
YEAH DOES TASTE FUNNY
I CANT EAT THIS SHIT. ITS NOT TEN!
BWANA?
STOMACHS DISTENDED WITH SPOILED FOOD, PASSENGERS NAP AND DREAM OF COOL SHADE.

BA BOPE, USU KANGELA NXA KUL'O KUDHLA KUMBE IMI BHOBHO PAKATI KWE JIPI!
I JUST TOLD MY MEN TO LOOK IN YOUR ROVER. I KNOW YOURE TOURISTS BUT WE HAVE TO TRANSPORT YOU ELSEWHERE.
YOU MACHO QUEEN WHEN I GET HOME THIS GROUP'S REP WILL BE RUINED IN NEW YORK!
CHIKURU MIDZA!
HEY! GET YER GUN OUTA MY ASS!
HEY,BUD.! I'M LOSIN MY GRIP.!SLOW DOWN!
DONT SHOOT ME. I AINT NEVER HURT THE DARKIES!
URI MU FUNDISI HERE?
YES, I'M A PRIEST. WHY THE PFUTI, THE GUN?
NDIPE MWANA!
TARISA MAZAMO AYA!
MUYEKELE!


I'M SORRY WERE NOT ALL LIKE HIM. YOU LOOK LIKE AN AFRI-KANER.
WUT'S THAT?
THE BOERS, THE DUTCH WHO CAME INTO SOUTH AFRICA WITH BIG BUSINESS IN THE 1800'S
ARE YOU A TERRORIST?
WUT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR?
THE RIGHT TO VOTE, HOLD OFFICE IN GOVERNMENT RELEASE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. BE FREE TO FORM POLITICAL PARTIES N'SPEAK FREELY
AMAI MUKAKA
VEMMA HUMMA
CALL ME VEL-MA, HONEY
SITHANDWA

THANDO SMITH'S POLICE HAVE INVADED NYAMBILI VILLAGE. THEY'RE TORTURING FOR INFORMATION
CAN I GO?
IF YOU WISH
CAN YOU BANDAGE AND GIVE MEDICATION?
I, I GUESS

AFTER KILLING FAMILIES IN A SURPRISE ATTACK, SMITH'S SOLDIERS ARE SETTING FIRE TO CATTLE AND HUTS, LEAVING THE REMAINS AS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL GROUPS OF MILITANT REBELS.

THIS IS A PHOTO OF THANDO'S WOMAN A MONTH AWAY FROM MOTHERHOOD.
VELMA IS TEACHING ARITHMETIC TO KIDS SURVIVING RECENT MASSACRES.
I'M HUNGRY ALEC!
SHH! YOU WANNA WAKE 'EM?
ZZZZ
YELMA?
VELMA!
WUT A RUDDY PRIZE, ALEC! THE HEATHEN'S AMERICAN WHORE!
AND SINCE I CAUGHT IT, BERTIE, I'VE GOT THE BLOODY RIGHTS TO THAT FOETUS!
OG'S GOIN OUT FER CHIPS 'N' DUMPIES?
THE LIBERATION FORCES ARE DETERMINED THAT THE PEOPLE OF ZIMBABWE WILL NOT CONTINUE TO ENDURE ATROCITIES SUCH AS THESE.
THANDO TAKAWIRA

THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURES of PIRACY TRIUMPHANT OVER JUSTICE ... From the Frontispiece of A General History of the Robberies & Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates. 1724